

cause it deals with one of the most unselfish of human emotions—a mother's love.

But when I got through with the story I was unsatisfied. It ended with the boys following George into the church service. Something that won't hurt anybody, of course.

But the story starts out by saying that George and his companions were law students and all of them sons of Christian parents. It is fair to assume that they graduated, were admitted to the bar and became lawyers. Possibly George himself became a judge. It is possible, at least, that some of the law students became judges.

It may be that all of them became regular church attendants, and that none of them ever afterward played cards or drank wine.

But I would like to know what else they did, as lawyers or judges. The crookedest corporation lawyer I ever knew never drank wine or played cards. He was a prominent member of my church—or the one I was born in and graduated from. He was such an all-fired good Methodist that he wouldn't read a Sunday newspaper. But what he wouldn't do to get a franchise ordinance through a council or win a case in court wasn't worth talking about.

I presume there are judges on the bench who were put there through the influence of the interests that exploit the people—judges who have cruelly twisted the law to make it help the strong oppress the weak—judges who have accepted railway passes and then kissed the hand that passed the passes out—judges who have helped street railway companies, gas companies, steam railway companies and other privately owned service corporations get rich by robbing the people—judges who have freed crooked bankers who robbed widows and orphans—yet judges who very likely never played cards, drank wine or failed to attend church service with strict regularity.

So that story, beautiful as it is,

doesn't mean anything to me unless I know what kind of men George and his companions grew up to be—what kind of lawyers and judges they were.

The mere matter of attending church service cuts no figure. It all depends upon what religion means to those who attend. I have known preachers' sons that never missed church or Sunday school service; who attended prayer meeting on Thursday night, and even joined the foreign missionary society to raise money to convert perfectly good heathen into very poor Christians.

And I have known them to go the human limit in dissipation in after life.

There are other stories that would read just as well as the one about a son's courageous action. I imagine a true story could be written about a pure, sweet girl starting for Chicago from some small town in Illinois—coming to that big city to earn her living and make her own way in the world. I can imagine her being the daughter of perfectly good Christian parents, and coming with the blessing of a mother's love, and a mother's holy prayer for her preservation from all harm.

I can imagine her disappointment after she came and got a job in one of the department stores and tried to get along on, say, \$6 a week. I can imagine her pride, and her reluctance to go back home and admit that she hadn't made good.

I can imagine all the inhumanity of her struggle to exist and live a decent life. I can imagine her hearing the old familiar church bell. I can imagine her going to church—and still working for \$6 a week. I can imagine the rest of the story. So can YOU.

I can imagine a poor, lost girl—once Mother's darling baby, Mother's blessed child, Mother's innocent girl grown to womanhood—yes, I can imagine her on the streets of Chicago, abandoned to her shame, arrested by policemen, chased by po-